

CANDOUR *The British Views - Letter*

To defend national sovereignty against the menace of international finance

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K I N G S A N D K N A V E S

by Rosine de Bounevialle

IN what used to be known as Christendom, kings are people who not only reign but rule their subjects according to the immemorial laws of God, the Creator of all things, visible and invisible. Knaves, in this context, are the people who, behind a royal facade, enslave both kings and subjects under the law of usury. According to this criterion, the last king of England was James II, son of the murdered Charles I; and the last "king" in any country was Salazar of Portugal. After them has come first the trickle, soon the torrent and now the deluge of unrepayable debt that has flooded the whole world and deprived of real estate everyone except the usurers.

The seemingly universal blindness of the slaves to their bondage under the, at present, inescapable dominion of debt has been accomplished through the usurping Power's use of a series of euphemisms that have deceived perhaps even "the elect", certainly the duped populace. In the Money Power's parlance: A bank is a place in which one puts one's valuables and cash for safe keeping. Credit is what is advanced by banks to set up commercial enterprises until their profits accrue to replace the capital expenditure entailed. A loan is a temporary accommodation enabling the borrower to anticipate the advent of some expected endowment by either sale or inheritance of goods or property. Money that the "workers" earn or the "drones" inherit is issued by the Government to facilitate the exchange of goods and services. The greatest euphemism of them all is that Britain is a free country ruled by an anointed sovereign.

The fallacy of this last supposition was once more revealed to those with eyes and ears to see and hear one morning this month when BBC2 had exclusive coverage of the State Opening of Parliament, which contained the newly elected Commons, the majority Party in which had formed the Government from amongst its members. The session was opened by Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II of Great Britain and Ireland etc. There, presented in "glorious technicolour", was all the panoply of power; the ushers, the heralds, the consort supporting the crowned monarch in all her robes of state. She proceeded slowly and solemnly towards the throne on the dais in the House of Lords from which she would deliver the speech outlining the programme of legislation proposed by the ruling Party for enactment during the life of the Parliament just assembled.

We are ruled, we are told, by the Queen-in-Parliament - but not, it appears, in the House of Commons. No monarch of England has been allowed in that House since, in the 17th century, King Charles I was turned out from it with contumely by his own subjects, soon to make war on him and later to murder him by Commons' law. So to open "her" Parliament, which she has not called and may not dissolve on her own

initiative, Her Majesty must go to the House of Lords to read a career politician's speech to the House of Commons, whose majority selected him from the 649 other career politicians to hold the office of First Lord of the Treasury, i.e. Prime Minister, for five years or until such time as himself decides to "go to the Country" for re-election or is himself rejected by the members' vote.

The anomalies do not stop there. The Treasury holds no treasure but merely administers the amounts of scrip originating in the hallowed precincts of the Bank of England that have been "created" and issued at interest to transitory governments, who consequently cannot govern but can only obey the behests of the pipers who pay them to call the appropriate tune. And there, we come to the knaves. The source of their will goes all the way back to Eden and the expertise to further it undoubtedly derives from the same ruthless Satanic intelligence that beguiled our first parents out of Paradise. Still, to borrow from Shakespeare, the Devil would still be talking to no purpose if "nobody marked him". But his minions presently dominate every front. No need to consider any country but England or any reign but the current one.

A Reign Of Shame

When Elizabeth II was called back from holidaying in Kenya in 1952 on the death of her father George VI, England was a Christian country with appropriate laws for keeping her so. Her colonial empire and her daughter dominions overseas still operated the system of Imperial Preference which gave complementary trade in a market of over 600 million. Her scientists and engineers, adventurers and pioneers were among the foremost in the world, conquering mountain heights and ocean depths; farming and fishing were still healthy, and ships, aircraft and automobiles were produced competitively.

Forty years on, Christian order has been reduced to pagan chaos. The Queen swore on oath at her coronation to rule according to the laws and customs of her people, but she seems to have ruled according to the dictates of the only real power in this world: the Money Power. It offers the carrot in the form of comfort and "correctness" and if that is refused, as in the case of Edward VIII, the stick in the form of bad press and banishment. The Queen has given her assent in writing to all the Acts of Parliament that have turned our "right little tight little island" into a multi-racial, multi-faith, vice-ridden sorry state. Today's pro-Euro-rhetoric will do nothing but hasten our submergence in an immoral morass in which children are taught "safe sex" rather than the three Rs; the results of female fornication are financed by reluctant tax payers supporting "one-parent families"; the Hippocratic Oath no longer applies to the treatment of babies in the womb; sodomites are now a protected species; "consenting adults in private" have become pederists parading in public; and "doctoring" the human genes is about to become big business.

What has become of the young Princess who broadcast from the Union of South Africa (not yet a pariah) on her 21st birthday dedication of herself to the service of her people? The knaves have been at work. Her consort and her eldest son, the heir to the throne, are both products of Kurt Hahn's Gordonstoun where they trained to become assiduous One-Worlders, attending secret directive meetings of the sinister Bilderbergers; nor should we forget the Mountbatten influence. The Duke of Edinburgh was seemingly always available to

attend ceremonies to haul down the Union flag in abandoned colonies while cracking jokes with "leaders to darkness and death" like Jomo Kenyatta. Friends of the family were Armand Hammer and Averill Harriman, capitalist-communist supporters of the first order. The Duke and the Prince are co-directors of the World College, inaugurated to teach the next generation to accept global satanic reign with equanimity, if not enthusiasm. This long campaign reached its zenith with the approval speech delivered to the European Parliament by Her Majesty on the subject of the United Kingdom's orderly progress, via Maastricht, towards obliteration in the confines of United Europe.

If anyone doubts the satanic influence behind all these betrayals, we can only remember that the Devil's disciples cannot help boasting of their power and allegiance. In the 'fifties it was "the Devil in the Queen's hair" that was engraved in her portrait on Canadian dollar bills. It was removed only as a result of a campaign of protest started by **Candour's** founder, A.K. Chesterton. We are reminded, too, of the cabbalistic sign made on the wall of the cellar at Ekaterinberg when the Czar of Russia and his family were ritually done to death there by order of the Bolsheviks.

We must accept this salutary reminder. Democracy has been achieved with singularly little opposition, so if there is to be a last stand, it is only from the demos it can come. We cannot expect to be saved by a citadel that has already fallen. We have been in the last ditch a long time now. There is no point in deserting the firing step as long as we have even a single weapon to wield, for after all we know the Devil cannot win. He was shot down on Calvary nearly two thousand years ago and has never really stood a chance since.

SEEING THROUGH MAASTRICHT

"JOHN Major has now arranged for the citizens of the United Kingdom what his good friend Chris Patten has been charged to arrange for the citizens of Hong Kong - absorption into a neighbouring monolith. Just as Hong Kong...will become a province of an undemocratic megastate, the United Kingdom will become a province of the new 'European Union'. This pseudo-state, of which we shall all become citizens from January 1993, already has its own parliament and its own diplomatic service. As a result of the Maastricht Treaty, it will have its own bank, its own currency, its own identity cards, its own army and...police force. It will certainly have control of our domestic and foreign policy.

"After the next intergovernmental conference, it will acquire its own government. By then, if rumours are true, many of our best-known Parliamentary figures will have deserted Westminster for Strasbourg, leading the queue of rats who today are happily holing the Parliamentary ships. The chief rats, of course, will still occupy their Cabinet posts but their day is over. They have already signed their political death warrants, for despite the support of an ineffable assortment of knaves and fools, not to mention a supine press and monarch, the British people will soon rise up in protest when they realise the enormity of the deception that has been perpetrated on them. When that day comes God help our political class and particularly the Conservative Party, "the party of Europe", for whom Britain was not good enough.

DR ALAN SKED in **The Sunday Telegraph**, 24 May, 1992.

C U T A N D T H R U S T

JANUS comments on news from home and abroad

A NEW, privately run jail will give prisoners a far more comfortable existence than one would expect for persons awaiting trial: single cells, en suite (no slopping out), at least 14 hours per day out of the cells, and a full programme of sports, leisure and educational activities. In addition, they will have hot showers and clean clothing every day, video films, TV and snooker tables. There is no "Governor" as the new title is "Director", while the warders (surely they should be called "care assistants"?) will wear black blazers and flannels.

If nothing else is achieved, this should reduce the number of drop outs sleeping in cardboard boxes. Why be uncomfortable when you can live free of charge in what sounds like a two-star hotel? It is a good thing that slopping out is to be abolished, but it is not the ultimate degradation. After all, 150 years ago it was universal, from castles to cottages, until the building of sewers and a drainage system. That has not stopped a prisoner in one brand new English jail, however, making an official complaint that his en suite cell facility means he is suffering the humiliation of being incarcerated in a lavatory! No doubt some damned fool civil liberties campaigner will take his cause as far as the European Court in pursuit of compensation for the indignity of it all.

* * *

ONE of the greatest arguments in favour of the execution of Robert Harris in California last month was the sight of the gaggle of bleeding heart liberals congregated outside the state penitentiary clamouring for yet another reprieve. They stigmatised his impending execution as "barbarous", or even as "judicial murder", while conveniently glossing over the enormity of his crime.

The technique was mirrored in this country by an editorial in **The Times** on 22nd April which expressed disgust at the "obscene spectacle" of Harris' gassing. "Revenge by the mob", the impudent leader writer called it. In some 600 words of emotional

appeal, not one word of sympathy was expressed for the relatives of the two boys who were so callously shot. It is individuals who are responsible for their actions, whether **The Times** likes it or not, and so the one sure way Robert Harris had of avoiding the California gas chamber would have been to refrain from murdering his teenage victims in the first place.

* * *

THE teachings of the Catholic Church on sex are often misunderstood and misstated, but the distortions and exaggerations of the "anti-Papists" are negligible beside the vacuous outpourings of the "Catholic" journalist, Peter Stanford. His new book, **Catholics and Sex**, co-written with a Kate Saunders, purports to be a critique of the Church's utterances on sexuality.

The tone of some of the book's language and the imbecility of its thought is epitomised by such comments as Adam could "apparently fart the Posthorn Gallop, and order his willy to stand up as easily as he wiggled his ears." "W**king" is one of the more common words and there is speculation on the link between the alleged high level of impotence in Poland and the debilitating effects of red cabbage and vodka! Among the tall anti-clerical stories is the preposterous claim that at least one third of all priests in the United States are homosexual.

The authors maintain the Church is badly out of step with "the sexual customs of our age," as if that were some kind of indictment. Rather it is manifestly a tribute if the sexual spirit of the age is judged by the appalling incidence of bastardy, divorce, rape, pornography, homosexuality, abortion, AIDS, ad nauseam. Inevitably, a Channel Four series is to follow!

* * *

NOBODY in the Catholic Church, of course, would ever deny that the flesh is weak. It

always has been - certainly long before the Bishop of Galway's peccadillo. With Fr Casey, the word had become flesh in a number of ways, as his drunken driving conviction and his love of BMWs perhaps testify. However, he does seem to have remained faithful to the Church's teaching on two important points: he and Mrs Murphy observed the ban on contraception and abortion. Also, belatedly, he confessed his sins.

* * *

FOLLOWING his tactical success in winning a High Court order postponing his trial on trumped up "race hate" charges, Mr Colin Jordan has made a formal complaint to Northumbria Police about a Gateshead company that distributes the Talmud. Citing several passages that accuse Gentiles of having sexual relations with cattle, he has drawn attention to the inconsistency of the charges against him while no action is taken against the distributors of the Talmud.

A spokesman for the Board of Deputies has complained that the passages in question pre-date the Christian era and involve discussions between rabbis about a society in which there was a prevalence of incestuous and bestial relationships. "It is absurd to suggest that these passages reflect the attitude of Jewish people today," said Mr Mike Whine. In no way would we dispute that, so why are they not deleted?

* * *

WHENEVER there is an item of unfavourable news about the Royal Family the tabloid press treats it as a front page story. How different from the cautious manner in which any rumour, in the least adversely critical, dealing with Robert Maxwell was handled. Admittedly he had a corps of lawyers ready to leap into action at any hint of the unsavoury truth about this bloated crook, liar and traitor, so that it was not until his timely demise that the full extent of his activities became known.

I wonder whether this constant defamation of the Royal Family might be due to more than mere muck-raking by the scribblers of

the gutter press. It is possible that, when we are well and truly enmeshed in a united Europe, the new unhappy lords that really rule may decide that to have a sovereign who, in theory, is not subject to their edicts and regulations, is an obstacle to their supra-national ambitions.

* * *

IN order to reduce unpleasant farmyard smells Brussels is to recruit teams of human sniffers, known as olfactrometrists, who will be trained to estimate the strength of the bad odours from manure heaps. Surely there is enough stink emanating from Brussels already without bothering about dung, slurry and the like.

* * *

PROBABLY readers of *Candour* are possessed of that degree of interest in pictures that leads them occasionally to visit art galleries like the Tate, only to find themselves prey to perplexity, shock and disgust on seeing some of the canvasses adorning the walls. The natural question that arises in the normal mind often is: Who can possibly have recommended such things for public exhibition? In what way do they merit the slightest degree of public recognition?

This reaction to the monstrosities of phoney art (what Fyfe Robertson called "phart" in appropriate brevity!) must surely have occurred in any ordinary person casting his eyes on the daubings of Francis Bacon, who died on 29th April amid acclamation as "the finest British painter since Turner". Bacon's "art" usually focussed on themes of sex and death. Just as Kafka has passed into the language as evocative of a certain kind of anxiety-ridden *impasse*, so Bacon's name came to characterise pictures evoking despair.

His bright orange triptych of three alarmingly distorted figures at the base of a crucifix, half-human and half-animal, writhing and pushing their distended necks forward and opening their mouths in desolate howls, epitomised his work. His human figures resembled abortions kept alive by black magic. No wonder landscapes were rare in his work - they would have been mistaken for the aftermath of an

earthquake!

Presumably Bacon was healthy and of above average intelligence, and not a mentally-diseased misfit. So why did he give himself to the production of abnormal representations? Perhaps it is because men have always striven to earn a living by art, and today the factor that makes an artist successful is the publicity gained by the appearance of abnormality on canvas. To represent reality and beauty cuts no ice; to create the ridiculous and the disgusting sets pundits talking and makes money. Perhaps Bacon was so devoid of an art conscience that he coveted this notoriety and in order to attain it devoted his life's work to producing deformity and revolting ugliness. We can think of no other reason for the denial of the beauty that art should so rightly give.

* * *

THE proposal that our English saint should be given the order of the boot because of some alleged inadequacies has excited correspondence in **The Times** since April 23rd. Inevitably, such a suggestion will find favour among some Celts and others who dwell in and draw some income from England, but fortunately their whines can be ignored. Some individuals have suggested St Edward the Confessor as a more suitable substitute. However, as Charlotte Horsfield rightly observed, the Confessor is a weak candidate, having been reared in Normandy and held Norman sympathies.

If St George is insufficiently known, then it is up to all patriots to remedy that fault. It is a sad fact that every year on April 23rd his name means little to the vast majority of the population who ignore his anniversary. But it is a date that we should all strive to commemorate. Worth recalling is the research of Professor Leonard Waddell, published in **The Makers of Civilisation**, who traced back the story of St George of Merrie England thousands of years before the life of the Christian Saint of Cappadocia. Waddell claimed his true origin lies in the first great Sumerian King Gaur, whose reign circa 3378 BC saw the introduction of settled agriculture and the spread of art and science. He also conquered the serpent-worshipping aborigines of Mesopotamia and substituted

monotheism for their blood sacrifices. In mark of this achievement he was represented in the literature, art and mythology of the Sumerians, Babylonians and Hittites as slaying a destructive and menacing dragon.

The message of St George for us today is that civilisation and the spiritual ideal are in our hands to protect and save, and therefore we must combat at all costs - even martyrdom - the masonic dragon of universal brotherhood.

* * *

ANOTHER unknown aspect of the racial history of the West concerns the Ancient Order of the Garter, which John Harvey claims in **The Heritage of Britain** was actually restored, not created by Edward III. Arguing that its symbolism can also be traced back to Sumerian times, Harvey states that the famous badge shows the Red Cross inside the Garter with its buckle; this is the Serpent or Dragon swallowing its tail, while the Red Cross is the weapon which kills it.

How immensely inappropriate that such an order of merit should have been awarded to Edward Heath - the Prime Minister who enticed Britain into the shackles of the European Community, knowing full well that his course of action would lead to the destruction of our sovereignty. There was a time when conspiring to surrender the historic national independence of this country to a foreign power would have resulted in another type of order - the Order of the Gallows. The fact that Edward Heath has been turned into a Knight of the Garter indicates with what break-neck speed we have plunged into the abyss.

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NEXT ACT OF THE COMMUNITY FARCE

by MARIE ENDEAN

Berkshire County Chairman, Campaign for an Independent Britain

THE curtain has gone up on the next act in the E.C. tragi-comedy or, rather, farce. It has been announced that every one of the tens of thousands of European decisions made since the founding of the Community in 1957 may be invalid.

The Court of First Instance, the lower tier of the E.C. Court of Justice, has so ruled because the president of the Commission, Jacques Delors, merely signs the minutes of the weekly meetings of the 17 commissioners and not the 8,000 or so binding documents themselves issued each year in all nine languages. These documents relate to some 18,000 annual decisions, ranging from directives on competition policy and safety standards to prosecutions over drinking water and dirty beaches, not forgetting the replacement of the English acre with the continental hectare, and so on.

So here's a fine how-do-you-do. Apologists for M. Delors maintain that if he had to sign every document he would do nothing else all day and would suffer writer's cramp.

In quashing the Commission's case against certain companies, including Shell and I.C.I., the Court has brought an even worse charge. It has found some documents subtly altered in translation, a process known as *toilette de texte*, an elegant French term for textual sabotage, no less. E.C. officials describe the crisis as an incredible mess, a legal nightmare, constitutional paralysis. A spokesman for the international lawyers, Stanbrook and Hooper, adds: "This could have implications so vast they are hard even to contemplate." [Daily Mail, February 28]

No wonder our contributions to the 1992 E.C. Budget will have to rise by £1 billion. Peter will have to be robbed to pay Paul. Whatever the outcome, the E.C. is hoist with its own petard.

DARK SATANIC ABORTION MILLS

"ON the principle of waste not, want not, I suppose it makes commercial sense for the abortion mills of Russia to provide materials for the French cosmetics industry. Every day lorries carrying 19 tons of placenta arrive at the Institut Merieux in Lyons, which then sends the human flesh on to companies making face cream. There's no doubt the placentae are useful. They can be turned into products like Skin Energising Concentrate, which sells at £17.35 the bottle. Thousands of women buy the stuff in the hope of keeping the years at bay. The Russians get their cut. Hospital 19 in St Petersburg earns £1.28 for every kilo of exported placenta. Not bad, eh?

"In Britain, of course, we wouldn't dream of engaging in such a grisly trade. We're not the kind of people who would knowingly profit from the by-product of so much misery and despair. Not us. No, we simply kill the unborn by the thousand in the name of social convenience. And then we throw the detritus into the nearest incinerator."

MICHAEL TONER in **The Sunday Express**, 5 April 1992.

THE ACTIVE "SILENCE" OF PIUS XII

NO wonder that Queen Isabella of Spain will never be canonised by the "Ecumenical" Church. A book newly available in this country * tells how, throughout the Second World War, Papal permission was given for synagogue services to be held in the lower level of the Basilica of St Francis in Assisi, presumably to enable contemporary concentration camp avoidees to "pray together for peace".

It appears that Pope Pius XII set up the Catholic Refugee Committee in Rome, putting it in the charge of his secretary, Fr Leiber, and his housekeeper, Mother Pasqualina. This committee paved the way for thousands of European Jews to enter the United States as "Catholics", providing them with a regular and efficient documentation service, baptismal certificates, financial aid and arrangements abroad. The French historian, Msgr George Roche, relates this in his **Pie XII Avant L'Histoire** and estimates that by 1942 over one million Jews were housed in convents and monasteries throughout Europe on Vatican directives. According to the British historian, Derek Holmes, Jews as well as partisans of the underground guerilla movements were dressed as monks and nuns and taught to sing plain chant.

So that explains the embarras de richesse in the matter of "survivors". They lived to pray another day! As for Hochhut's charge against "the silence of Pius XII", his reticence certainly did not extend to the fate of European Jewry. Indeed, he was their greatest benefactor.

* **The Undermining of the Catholic Church** by Mary Ball Martinez is available exclusively from Candour Publishing Company for £8 to U.K. readers and £9 to overseas readers.

IT is with deep regret that we record the death of **His Imperial Majesty Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia**. Descendant of, and heir to, Nicholas II, the Czar Martyr, he was able to return in triumph to St Petersburg shortly after the collapse of the Soviet regime. He was very well aware of the nature of the enemy we all face today.

Sadly missed, too, will be **Jeffrey Hamm**. His quest for a radical solution to the unemployment besetting his native South Wales took him into the pre-war Blackshirts. He became famous during the battles of Ridley Road in the late '40s, from whence he graduated to become a leader of the Union Movement, Editor of **Action** and **The European**, and personal secretary to Sir Oswald Mosley. We always disagreed with his commitment to Europe A Nation, but respected him as a valiant fighter.

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